

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 26.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## LAST APRIL-DAY:

### A POULTRY IDYL.

It is a pleasant sunny Saturday—no less than April-day in the present year. I am writing in a very quaint, stone-floored, high-latticed room of ancient date, when a lady steps into its still shadows, and asks me to accompany her in her afternoon's drive, to a little country town some five miles off; our return to be by a different route, and to include rest and tea in a village amid lovely scenery. I gladly consent, for I have been working hard the week through, and need a holiday for both body and mind. So I close my books, put by my papers, lock with a jailer-like key the door of the quaint room assigned to me as a study during my temporary stay with an aged relative in this noble building; then, after a few paces up and down in a sunny cloister that a Dominican might envy, I go in and dine, and after dinner we sally forth. There is an ineffable stillness and beauty in this golden afternoon, influencing everything that is best and gentlest in my nature. I am literally in a vernal mood; I see freshness and beauty in everything; I am prepared to enjoy, and I do enjoy.

Our way lies for a time through portions of a low-lying moorland tract, which drainage and cultivation have reclaimed within the last century. Parts of it even yet remain a wild morass. It is most of it, acre by acre, the property of one of our great dukes, who is undoubtedly a good agriculturist as well as landlord. You see and know the duke's hand everywhere. His cottages and farmhouses are all in excellent repair; the gardens neatly kept and well stocked; the gates and fences in admirable condition; and miles and miles of excellent roads, canals, and plantations shew what capital and power can effect when combined and well directed. In this district of comparatively slovenly agriculture, these are significant facts, which prove that the duke has the art of choosing his deputies—no mean accomplishment in one who governs. All this is pleasant to consider as we drive gently through the still and sunny lanes; more particularly as we have contrasts that sometimes flagrantly disobey the rule of the Cairds and Puseys.

To vary this pleasant trimness of homesteads, fields, and woodlands, nature has her unadorned and loveliest aspects also. We pass rapid brooks; little trickling runnels; patches of unenclosed common, thick set with furze, or else with mossy hillocks, that shelter in their hollows countless tufts of budding primroses; and reaching one more wild and sequestered than the rest, we stay our little carriage. We descend; leave our pony for a few minutes to graze at will; gather our

first primroses; search for our first violets; step amid the plashy stones of a little rivulet, to taste the young water-cresses; sit down to rest upon a fallen tree; speak to one another of the vernal joy that fills our souls, to the utter absence of all care or retrospect; and then proceed on our way in a mood as sunny as the landscape itself.

It is three o'clock when we reach the little country town, and as it is market-day, it is filled with country-folks. They, and the quaint market-cross they fill to overflowing—the booths and their miscellaneous wares—the piles of country produce heaped upon the pavement—carry the mind back two centuries in civilisation—at least compared with London. We enter a linen-draper's shop, the best in the town; it is filled as densely as the market-cross, principally with country-women bearing huge baskets and parcels, which they set with much nonchalance upon the wide counters, and leaning upon these, make gay-coloured purchases, and chat familiarly with the assistants. The favourite hues seem to be blue, red, yellow, and green, no matter how much these prevail in shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, nor how amazing or bizarre the pattern. In gown-pieces and coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, the designs are sometimes tremendous in effect—the latter revealing whole dioramas of the Crystal Palace, of the life and doings of our good Queen, the funeral of Wellington; and so on. In this respect, their taste for textile art is like that of children or Hottentots. Every young assistant seems to have a personal friend amongst these worthy dames. Many bring them messages and letters, and occasionally, from the recesses of a cavernous market-basket, a cream-cheese, a dozen of rosy apples, a pork-pie, or plumcake, is brought forth, slid down with a shy hand across the counter, received with thankful winks and nods, and deposited in some private corner. The master, a portly, good-looking man of about fifty, occupies a prominent place behind the counter, to the right of the door. To him important comers address themselves—wealthy farmers, who step in to buy broadcloth for a new coat, or else a Sunday neck-tie—clergymen's wives, who have driven over from their snug parsonages to purchase charitable supplies of calico and flannel—ladies, who call in to look over the last 'London parcel;' and as the afternoon wanes, and the market draws to a close, the Goodman is sorely tempted to purchase a 'last pair of fowls,' a remaining cream-cheese, or a pound or two of butter left unsold.

'It is such a pity, Mr Turner,' says a farmer's rosy wife, 'to take back these fowls eleven miles or more. Come, you shall have 'em cheap; and I'll take it out in net and ribbon for a cap: I want one for a Sunday.' But we cannot stay for the sequel of the

dialogue, although it is obvious enough that the fowls will change hands: we leave the shop and town on foot, as our little carriage is to follow us by and by.

The afternoon is waning gloriously; our vernal humour comes back to us once more. We stay to notice the ancient church of red stone, and its execrable renovation with unsightly brick; we stay to admire the fine old timbered gabled-houses of the age of Elizabeth; we get glimpses of pleasant bowery gardens in the rear, and of a fine country beyond; we descend an acclivity, cross a canal, and gain a hilly road, winding amid scenery of unsurpassed beauty and of great historical interest. Along it had tramped Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the ruins of the castle he had successfully besieged, lay gray and ivied on the heights above.

A walk of some two miles brings us to a most German-like village of scattered farms and cottages. The former are chiefly timbered gabled-houses of great antiquity, coloured with ochre, or alternate black and white—and lying with sombre yet unleafed orchards about them, and rustic gardens newly dug and trimmed, with lanes between, winding upwards to a broad belt of woodland: there is much to favour our strong impression, that we are wandering in some village of Germany or the Dutch Netherlands. A long way up the tree-shaded street, we come to a coach-house and stables abutting on the road; then to a paved yard, in which a quaint, middle-aged man is working; then to a cottage profusely covered with new-clipped ivy, and with its narrow strip of garden betwixt it and the road, set with nothing but laurel-trees, amidst which stands an ancient draw-well, and on the low wall dividing the garden from the road, a vast horse-block of lichen-covered stone. We knock at the door, and are soon admitted into a pleasant parlour with a cheerful fire; a singular window placed high and near the ceiling; a piano, books, and a vast number of beautiful shells, finely grouped beneath a large glass-shade. In addition to these is a bouquet of wax-flowers of singular excellence; and though I am but a rare admirer of these imitations of nature, I am enough of an artist to be aware that here a naturalist has worked *con amore*.

The door opens, and a young woman of sweet looks and singularly gracious manners enters. I have—with my usual taciturnity in such matters—asked no questions, so I take for granted that she is a daughter of the cottage owner, and that father, mother, brother, or sister will presently appear; but half an hour wears by in pleasant talk, and still we are alone.

At length the lady—with whose manner I am greatly charmed—says to me: 'Will you see the poultry?' and I, not knowing the wide meaning conveyed by the article, politely, though, I fear, too coolly, assent; for I am ignorant of what lies before me. We pass into a pretty hall, which winds old-fashionedwise towards the rear of the cottage; we stop to admire some paintings on its walls, and this leads to a talk touching art, and so by degrees to what constitutes a love of nature.

'I am very fond of nature,' says the lady gently; 'so is my sister, who lives with me. At present she is absent on a visit to a friend.'

As she speaks, she leads the way into a parlour fit for a poet's study. It has some really fine paintings on its walls—amongst others, an undoubted three-quarter length picture of Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely, and the wonderful painting of the hands bespeaks its genuineness: there are recesses filled with books; there are

shells and flowers again, as in the other parlour; there is a large number of brilliant-coloured foreign birds, stuffed and set upon the branches of a natural tree, which has been dried and fixed in a stand for the purpose; there are the splendid cocoons of last year's silk-worms, which were made to wind their profuse gifts round a gnarled bough; and, lastly, there are two windows on each side of an angle of the room—the one looking over an old-fashioned garden, with bee-hives, flowers, privet-fences, old apple and mulberry trees, to the woodlands of a distant park; the other window shewing a very large undulating paddock belonging to the cottage, a pool in the midst, a belt of sheltering trees next the road, and the yellow beauty of a thousand new-blown daffodils. It is, as we say, a room fit for a poet and his songs!

Passing into the garden, with its borders full of early flowers, and its fine collection of standard roses trained, festoonwise, to chains, we pass to the low gate and fence which divide it from the paddock, and behold the first instalment of 'the poultry,' or rather, as we suppose in our simplicity, the whole stock. The lady opens the wicket, stoops down, and in an instant a pair of pure white fowls, of great size and beauty, run towards her, and search for food in her hand with the utmost tameness; but disregarding these, though they are favourites, she puts her hand in a movable coop set in the grass, beneath which is a brood-hen with some thirteen chicks, only a few days from the shell. The hen is a pure buff Cochon fowl of large size and beauty, and the chicks miniature likenesses. They are running about in all directions; but expecting food from the hand which invariably feeds them, they come running to the stooping lady, peck her fingers, climb her hand, enter the folds of her wide sleeve, and suffer themselves to be caught and imprisoned in her gentle grasp without a flutter or sign of trepidation. We have seen nothing like this wonderful tameness before: they rest perfectly in the restraining fingers; even coax with their callow bills moving to and fro, and shew the wonderful beauty of their eyes in doing so. This feature in the Cochon fowl is extraordinary, and seems peculiar to the breed. We remember nothing like it, except the eye of the gazelle. Soft, large, and of great size, it would thus appear to be as much a distinct feature of high and perfect breed in the fowl, as in the horse and human being.

'How much these lovely chicks like you!' say I, as the lady rises with a nestling chick in her hand.

'They are accustomed to me,' she replies quietly, 'and therefore know me. I partly freed them from the shell; I have fed them ever since, and begin to do this as early as half-past five o'clock in the morning.'

'Indeed!' for the truth begins to dawn upon us; 'then you are a fowl-fancier, and make a pursuit and art of the matter?'

She replies only with a smile; then calling a little attending servant, bids her remove the feathered charge, as the dew begins to fall, and then asks us to accompany her elsewhere. We obey without a word, and crossing the garden, are led into the yard in which we first saw the quaint old servant-man at work. Here, in coach-house, harness-room, tool-house, cow-house, stable, we find brood upon brood in various stages of progress. Some hens are yet sitting in still recesses—some on real eggs, others on dummies of wood; and the coach-house holds two pens constructed on the

most scientific principles, each holding a hen and chicks of great value and beauty. Nor are remnants of last year's broods unseen. Gigantic cockerels and young matronly pullets peck about the yard and the precincts of the garden; and these, as tame as the chicks, suffer themselves to be handled and caressed. One noble bird, in incipient comb and wattles, permits himself to be lifted, carried up and down, and caressed like a child. The result of unvarying kindness can go no further. It is exquisite to behold, and teaches us, I think, a grave as well as affecting lesson.

We are now invited to cross the garden to the greenhouse, wondering whether it is plants or poultry we shall behold. All this while we have been expecting to see the before-mentioned supposititious father, brother, uncle, or mother, issue from the house; but as no one appears, and our curiosity is wound up to a considerable pitch, we make bold to ask the question:

'Do you and your sister actually live here alone? Have you no father, uncle, or brother? And do you really carry on all this scientific process of rearing poultry on so large a scale without assistance?'

'We do—simply as a pastime, though it pays us well. For the rest, we live here alone, perfect mistresses of all you see through the will of a dear uncle, who died two years ago.'

I am immensely interested, and standing in the rich waning sunlight of that April afternoon, our pleasant chat proceeds.

'Charlotte and I,' continues the lady, 'first took to rearing poultry about a year and a half ago. A friend gave us those white fowls you first saw; we became interested in the care of them; and reading and hearing much of the poultry mania, we thought we should like to add to our stock, and become purchasers of some real Cochins fowls. We did not mention our desire to our neighbours or few relatives, lest we should be laughed at, but resolved to act instead, and to set out at once to Greys in Essex, where the greatest fancier and prize-holder resides. We intrusted the secret of our temporary absence to no one but John, our old man-servant; and set off one very cold December day by express-train to London. We were perfect strangers there, having never been beyond Birmingham in our lives. We slept at a hotel that night; started by steam-boat next morning to Greys; found Mr S—— from home; but saw his bailiff, and concluded the purchase of a young cock and hen of the pure buff Cochins breed for five guineas. They were placed in a proper basket, and we returned the same night with our precious charge to London. A tribulation, though one rich in humour, now occurred. We must have a room for ourselves and fowls, for it was necessary to keep them under our especial care. We were refused admittance by no less than five hotels. "Can't be having *them* things up stairs," said the head-waiter of one of them with much contempt. We assured him of their great value and tenderness. But he condescended to make no reply, tucked his napkin tightly under his arm, and turned away upon his heel. At another hotel, the landlord himself was summoned. We made our request with great politeness. "It cannot be, ladies; it is not only against the rules, but the cock would be crowing in the night, and alarming everybody." We laughed, and assured him that the cockerel had not yet arrived at a crowing age; but he was inexorable. At length, at a hotel near Euston Square, we gained admittance, and were attended by a chamber-maid who had a pet-dog, and consequently sympathy for our taste, and who was thus very kind to us. This was fortunate, as we were quite exhausted by cold and fatigue. Next day, we travelled homeward, got a conveyance from the little town you saw to-day, and arrived here in the evening. If John, our old servant, was surprised at the quickness of our journey, he was more so at the

size of the basket that held our feathery treasures; and this surprise waxed into astonishment when the basket was brought into the parlour, the lid opened, and the long-legged creatures stalked out and shook their feathers on the floor.

"Why, missis—why, missis," gasped John, "you don't mean to be saying that these big, stalking, tailless things be fowls? No, sure-ly not; only some new sort o' turkeys or pea-hens."

"It is a real fact, John, that they are fowls: the breed has been brought from Cochins-China, within a few years. The parents of these are of immense value, and for what you see, Miss Charlotte and I have given five guineas."

"Five guineas! miss—five guineas!" repeats John with yet more astonishment: "somehow, it's a thing as masters me." Then, as he beheld their grotesque want of tails and long legs, he burst out into convulsions of laughter, in which our two little maids joined, and which did not soon end. But in spite of this, John took immensely to them, and has been a most able assistant.—But step this way, you have yet to see two other broods.'

As I have already conjectured, the greenhouse holds poultry instead of plants. There are, to be sure, a few young geraniums placed along the margin of the sunny windows; but the floor is occupied by wire-pens of scientific construction, in which are two hens of vast size and great beauty of colour, and their chicks. These are as tame as those we have already seen, and the eye of the chicks even yet more striking.

'You must have nearly a hundred little ones,' I remark.

'There are ninety-five, and others that will be from the shell in a few days. These you see here will sell, when of the proper age, for three guineas a couple: that is what we obtained last year.'

'Then you have not lost by your poultry mania?'

'By no means, though we have occasionally to make large outlays. We keep a strict account, and find we derive a considerable profit. But you must be really tired: let us now go in and take tea.'

We return to the parlour with the fine shells and pleasant fire, and find tea ready. We had been asked if we would taste Cochins fowls' eggs; and here they are, with delicious cakes and cream and hot bread, and a glass dish full of apricot jam. It is something, I think to myself, to be the heiress of such a home, as I hear orders given, and keys, that more plate may be brought; but it is something still more satisfactory to see wealth thus creditably expended, taste taking such an innocent direction, and womanly love and solicitude, unoccupied by maternity, directed into the path of the naturalist. There were feelings and tastes here present that Audubon, or Wilson, or Kirby, or Spence, or Bewick, would have honoured and encouraged.

Our talk is so delightful during tea, so perfectly frank and kindly, that our vernal mood is even richer still. When it draws to a close, we join hands, thank Providence that we have met, and with regrets that I am about to leave for town, promise one another to meet again next year: which, Fate willing, we shall certainly do.

We now go up stairs to see countless unoccupied rooms—some filled with very ancient and splendid carved furniture; another as a studio; another as a writing-chamber; for both the young heiress and her sister have artistic tastes, and the one that is with us draws with skill.

We at length leave the cottage to climb a hill at the end of the German-like village, where there is a splendid view of many of the Welsh hills; but when we get there, it is too dark. We therefore cross a moorland tract, and coming to the road, find our little carriage at the spot we mentioned. We join hands again; we are sisters in spirit, though not in relationship; our

mood is something more than vernal, for words can give it no expression.

The dear lady passes away into the shadows on her return; we are driven home along a causeway raised across a once terrible morass, where man and horse were often sunk, and seen no more; and in the splendid moonlight we reach our cloistered hall as the clock strikes ten.

Such was my April-day. It was fine and vernal, and I would have its spirit refresh others as much as it refreshed me.

#### THE PUN UPON NAMES—MORE OF IT.\*

Palter with us in a double sense.

FROM the complimentary puns, and those which are expressive of grief and despair, we proceed to a numerous class—those, namely, which give vent to rage and indignation, scorn and mockery.

The Wars of the Roses, as portrayed by the writer of the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.*—whether Shakespeare or not, we do not here pause to inquire—are especially prolific in examples of this kind. In the Second Part of this drama, we find the old nobility declaiming in indignant terms against the pride and power of Queen Margaret's favourite, the Duke of Suffolk.

*Gloster.* Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor King Regnier.

*York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle.

This worthless upstart, whose name was De la Pole, seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to this kind of witticism. He is banished from England, and being taken prisoner in the Channel by a privateer's boat, the captain orders his execution.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thine own.

*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

*Suf.* Poole!

*Cap.* Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Again, we find Jack Cade, who at the head of his rabblement has routed the king's troops and seized the Tower, thus sporting himself with the name of the Lord Say, whose capture has just been announced by a messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, my lord! a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, who sold the towns in France—he that made us pay one-and-twenty pence and one shilling in the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter George Bevis with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well! he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah! thou say'st thou serge, thou buckram lord: now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.

The gallant Sir John Talbot is bemoaning the fate of his friends, the Earl of Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave, who have just been struck down by a shot

from the town of Orleans, when a messenger interrupts his lamentations:—

*Mess.* My lord, my lord! the French have gathered head.  
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,  
A holy prophesie, new risen up,  
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.  
[*Salisbury groans.*]

*Tal.* Hear, hear! how dying Salisbury doth groan!  
It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged!  
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.  
*Pucelle or puzzel,\** dolphin or dogfish,  
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

The Duke of York, who was so facetious upon Suffolk's name, is in his turn exposed to similar mockery. Queen Margaret getting him into her hands, slaughters him in cold blood, and then wreaks her indignation against the corpse:—

Off with his head! and set it on York gates:  
So York shall overlook the town of York.

From a late life of Sir Edward Coke, whose name, provocative of punning, we need hardly observe, is pronounced Cook, we learn that when Sir Edward was sent to the Tower, the lodging allotted to him was a room which had formerly been the kitchen. On entering it, the disgraced patriot read the mocking inscription:—'This room wants a cook.'

We now turn to the Father of History, amidst the infinite variety of whose pages one seldom searches in vain for an example, whatever may be the subject in hand; and we find that when the haughty Darius sent envoys to the different Greek states to demand earth and water, in token of subjection, the people of Ægina complied with the requisition, and by so doing, incurred the indignation of Sparta. One of her kings, Cleomenes, was accordingly despatched to the offending island with instructions to demand the surrender of the advisers of this disgraceful measure. An influential party amongst the Æginetans resisted his demand, and Cleomenes was on the point of leaving Ægina, when, on a sudden, he turned to the most zealous of his opponents, and inquired his name. 'Crisus,' was the reply; on hearing which, the discomfited Spartan exclaimed: 'Make haste, then, Ram [Crisus], and get your horns gilded; for before long, you'll meet with a mischief'—alluding in this to the practice of the ancients of gilding the horns of victims appointed for sacrifice. The joke, however, proved to be no joke to the Ram; for Cleomenes returning with his fellow-king at the head of some troops, the Æginetans dared no longer hold out, but gave up ten of their principal men, amongst whom was the Ram. These were then placed by Cleomenes in the hands of the Athenians, who, being old and inveterate enemies of Ægina, were not very likely to be lenient jailers.

The odium theologicum, as may easily be supposed, has not neglected to add this kind of pun to its inexhaustible armoury of virulence and abuse. One specimen will doubtless suffice. The orthodox Walsingham speaks in these terms of our early reformer:—'That old hypocrite, that angel of Satan, that emissary of Antichrist, the not-to-be named John Wickliffe, or rather Wicke-beleve, the heretic,' &c. Truly, as Mistress Quickly says, these be very bitter words.

We now give a few instances of the pun upon the names of places.

In the third act of *King John*, when the English monarch subjects himself to the anathema of the

\* See No. 16.

† *Say*, a kind of serge—probably a corruption of the French word *soie*. It is probable that Jack Cade having termed Lord Say a buckram lord, has in view a stuffed man set up as a mark for archers who are practising; and that in the next sentence he keeps up the allusion.

\* *Puzzel*, wanton, a corruption of the Latin *pusilla*.—With respect to the word *dauphin*, the origin of the title is unknown. It is, however, certain that it is not derived from the name of the province Dauphiné, but, on the contrary, the name of the province is taken from it.



cardinal-legatè, the much-injured Constance joins her maledictions :—

O lawful let it be

That I had room with Rome to curse awhile.

And in a somewhat higher strain, the lean and wrinkled Cassius expresses the jealous hatred with which he regards the supremacy of Cæsar.

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

Julius Cæsar, Act i. Scene iii.

Again, the ill-fated Richard II. being besieged in Flint Castle by high-reaching Bolingbroke, the Earl of Northumberland proposes an interview between the king and his usurping subject.

North. My lord, in the base court\* he doth attend  
To speak with you : may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. In the base court? Base court where kings  
grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

We now turn to the merely sportive or facetious play upon names, which is indeed common enough; so much so, that our only difficulty here will be an *embarras des richesses*.

In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio thus addresses the refractory Katherine :

Thou must be married to no man but me,  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,  
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate  
Conformable, as other household Kates.

In the same drama, Lucentio is introduced into the house of Baptista under the assumed dress of a music-master and the name of Cambio; and in this disguise he wins the affections of Baptista's daughter, Bianca. Baptista then meeting him in the street, dressed and attended as a man of wealth and rank, exclaims :

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

To which Bianca replies :

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

The lady's own name admits of a similar play, which Petruchio avails himself of; and when boasting of the superior docility of his own wife, he thus rallies Bianca's husband :

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white.†

The facetious knight, Sir John Falstaff, is of course not lacking in this kind of wit. The two worthy magistrates, Master Silence and Master Shallow, are thus sported with :—'Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.' And again : 'I do see the bottom of this Justice Shallow.' His mirth upon the names and appearance of his gallant recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullicalf, seems inexhaustible; but for this we must refer the reader to the play itself. On the field of Shrewsbury, he thus intimates his valiant intentions against Hotspur. 'If Percy be alive, I'll pierce† him;' and when 'ancient Pistol' is raising a disturbance in Mistress Quickly's tavern, he reproves his obstreperous conduct with this sally : 'No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here : discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.'

If we turn to *Othello*, we find another 'ancient,' honest Iago, thus consoling his dupe Roderigo—

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.

In the Second Part of *King Henry VI.*, while Jack Cade is pompously setting forth his pretended

genealogy, one of his rabblement, Dick, the butcher of Ashford, thus turns it into ridicule—

Cade. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cask of herrings. [Aside.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and good bricklayer.

[Aside.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

Dick. She was indeed a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. [Aside.

We may here remark, *en passant*, that the sallies of Dick the butcher are incomparably the poorest to be found in the whole range of Shakspeare's plays, our great dramatist having far too accurate a knowledge of human nature to put any but the humblest witticisms in the mouths of uneducated persons. The highly lauded Sam Weller, however amusing, we confess appears to us entirely out of nature, Mr Dickens having furnished him with a stock of *mots* and repartees sufficient to supply all the footmen and cabmen in London, and yet leave a large surplus remaining.

Our instances of mirthful puns hitherto have been cases in which they seemed congenial to the temperament of the speaker. Gaiety, however, has a more striking effect when persons of stern and saturnine disposition indulge in it, as they will do at some time or another. In one of Uhland's ballads, the stout old Count Eberhard,\* of Wirtemberg, is introduced to us, recruiting his wearied frame, which is almost worn out with years and hardships, in the healing waters of the Wildbad. While he is thus engaged, his youngest page comes running, and announces that an armed band is pouring down the upper valley. The armorial bearings of their leader being described, the good count recognises the enemies of his house, the *Schlegler*, and makes an attempt at a pun which we cannot term felicitous :

Mein sohn! das sind die *Schlegler*, die *Schlagen* (strike)  
kräftig drein.

Next arrives a poor herdsman in breathless haste, who brings tidings that another troop is pouring down the lower valley—the device of their leader being three axes, and his armour glittering and glancing in the sun. The aged hero, warming with the danger that encompasses him, somewhat improves on his former effort :

Das ist der *Wunnensteiner* : der glüssend Wolf, genannt :  
Gieb mir den Mantel, Knabe, der glanz ist mir bekannt :  
Er bringt mir wenig *Wunne* (joy) : die Beile hauen gut.

This second sally of the count's brings to our mind an attempt made by a respected divine who resided not far from Oxford, and speaking of Mr Joy, the well-known tailor of that city, facetiously remarked : 'Ah, no joy to me : he makes my coats too tight under the arms.'

A yet higher and more important use of this kind of pun remains to be noticed : in many cases, a name is found to be suggestive, and being taken as an omen, originates some great undertaking, which influences the history of a nation, and even in some cases that of the world. Thus we read that Gregory, who was afterwards pope, and surnamed the Great, happening, when a young man, to pass through the slave-market of Rome, his attention was caught by some boys with fair long hair and blooming complexion, who were exposed there for sale; and asking the slave-dealer of what country they were, he answered that they were *Angles*. 'Rightly,' cried he, 'are they called *Angles*, for they are as fair as *Angels*; and I would they were cherubims in heaven.'

\* Base court. Base court, lower court.

† Cambio, exchange. Bianca, white.

‡ The name of Percy, according to Boetius, was derived from 'piercing the king's eye'—an etymology not altogether to be trusted to.

\* This Count Eberhard was the friend and patron of John Reuchlin, better known by the name of Capnio, who himself was the friend of Erasmus and instructor of Melancthon.

But from what province of Britain are they?' inquired Gregory. 'From Deira,' said the slave-dealer. 'Deira; that is good,' returned Gregory: 'they must be delivered from the wrath [de ira] of God. But what is the name of their king?' 'Ella,' said the man. 'Ella!' replied the saint: 'Hallelujah then must be sung in his dominions.\*' The result was, that Gregory, on ascending the papal throne, sent out a mission with Augustine at its head, and Britain was converted to Christianity.

Another example of this kind we find in Herodotus. The Grecian fleet being anchored off the island of Delos, certain Samians of rank came on board, and entreated the commanders not to lose the opportunity of liberating the Asiatic Greeks from the Persian yoke. The commanders hesitated, but Leotychides, the admiral, asking one of the Samians his name, he replied that it was Hegesistratus [Leader of Armies]. The Greeks at once hailed the omen, and setting sail for the coast of Ionia, engaged with the Persian fleet, the result of which was the far-famed victory of Mycale.

Not only, however, has a pontiff by this means been invited to the conversion of distant barbarians, and a great people aroused to effect the liberation of their enslaved brethren, but, by similar agency, the fainting spirits of a *chevalier d'industrie* has been revived, and himself encouraged to renewed exertion. This instance we derive from the *Confessions of a Swindler*, the candid writer of which informs us, that in the course of his peregrinations, he arrived at Bury St Edmund's, in Suffolk, his pockets empty, and his mind dejected, almost, indeed, entertaining the idea of abandoning his craft for some more lucrative profession. 'Lost in these gloomy thoughts,' continues he, 'I was strolling down the Abbeygate Street, when on a sudden I happened to cast up my eyes; and over a shop on the other side of the way, which was that of a silversmith, I saw staring me in the face the name of *Gudgeon*. This sight at once raised my declining hopes, and pointed out to me a new sphere of action.'

The mention of a *chevalier d'industrie* brings us, by a concatenation of ideas not altogether unnatural, to the imperial wearers of the crown of Monomachus. That the sagacious Catharine was well aware of the true use and value of this species of pun, is evidenced by her introducing into her encroaching house the significant name of Constantine. This name, first imposed by that aspiring grandam upon the second son of Paul, has again made its appearance in another generation, and manifestly indicates an intended successor to the long-vacant throne of the Byzantine emperors.

So attached, indeed, is the house of Romanoff to significant appellations of this kind, that, as we lately learn from the public prints, the infant child of the Grand Duke Constantine has been baptised by the name of *Wiera*, or Faith, as indicative of the grand principle in support of which its august grandsire has lately challenged the whole civilised world to combat.

We may here remark, that to the name of *Napier*, though it is evidently derived from the first bearer of it supplying the royal *nopery*,† has been frequently assigned the impossible origin of 'he hath *nae peer*'—a eulogy, indeed, to which many members of that remarkable family gain a title by their talents and virtues, but with which their name certainly has no kind of connection.

We shall conclude with an instance of the punning epitaph, of which we find no more striking example than that inscribed on the vault at the nunnery of Godstowe, which enclosed the mortal remains of the once fair Rosamond. Its Latinity, indeed, is not

exquisite, but its language, which, though coarse, is not wanting in vigour, ably brings out the contrast between the living and breathing paramour of a monarch, and the poor inhabitant of the tomb:—

Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:  
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### RHODE ISLAND.

CRAMPED into a small space between Massachusetts and Connecticut, we may see on the map a state called Rhode Island—the island from which it derives its name being a mere speck within a bay on the sea-coast, and the bulk of the state being in reality on the mainland. How this little state came into political existence, is one of the most interesting circumstances in American history.

I have had occasion to refer to an unfortunate feature in the character of the Pilgrim Fathers—their extreme intolerance. Though fleeing from religious persecution in England, and suffering for conscience' sake, their polity admitted of no departure whatever from their own tenets and practices. Themselves in exile as Nonconformists, they sternly repressed by fine, imprisonment, and even the gallows, everything like nonconformity to their own favourite form of belief. The early history of New England abounds in the most revolting instances of this species of oppression; and no case appeals so warmly to modern sympathy as that of Roger Williams. This was a young English divine of good education, who arrived in America in 1631, and became a much-esteemed Puritan preacher. Being, however, of a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he could not reconcile the legalised principle of intolerance with the injunctions of the Gospel; and in spite of remonstrances against a continuance in 'error,' he at length boldly proclaimed the doctrine of freedom of conscience, which till that time was practically unknown. The proposition that no man should be troubled on account of his religious opinions, was intolerable to the magistracy of the settlement; and Williams, abandoning family and home, was constrained to flee from place to place for personal safety. The account of his wanderings and privations among the Indian tribes who hung about the borders of Massachusetts, forms the subject of a deeply-affecting narrative, which has lately been given to the world by one every way competent for the task. Passing over the history of his sufferings in the wilderness, we find Williams still undaunted, and resolute in carrying out his opinions to a practical issue. Borrowing a canoe, he sets out with five adherents on what may be called a voyage of discovery; his object being to find a spot where every man might live and enjoy his religious opinions in peace. In this adventurous excursion, Providence seemed to guide the frail vessel to the banks of a small arm of the sea, projected inland from Narraganset Bay. Here, according to tradition, being hailed from a rock by a friendly Indian, Williams and his party landed, and were hospitably received by the chiefs of the Narragansets, from whom he received a grant of territory, to which, in pious gratitude, he gave the name of Providence. This event occurred in June 1636, and was the foundation of a new English settlement—a place of shelter, as Williams described it, 'for persons distressed for conscience.' Being situated beyond the

\* Keightley's *History of England*.

† *Napier*, linen, from the French *napper*, from which is formed *nappier* or *napier*, as *drapier* from *draps*. The reader may perhaps not remember that the person we now call a *draper*, was formerly called a *drapier*—as an instance, we may mention the celebrated *Draper's Letters*.

jurisdiction of New Plymouth and Massachusetts, the magistrates of these colonies had no proper title to interfere with the settlers in Providence, and they satisfied themselves with prognostications of disaster and ruin to a state which was so deficient in the elements of authority. Contrary to these anticipations, the young settlement thrived amazingly, by the flocking in of persons desirous of liberty to profess their peculiar religious opinions. To all who came, Williams, like a benevolent patriarch of old, gave freely of the lands he had acquired, and he is said to have left nothing for himself or family. As population accumulated, he felt the inconvenience of acting without legal sanction; and he accordingly proceeded to England in 1644, and procured a charter from Charles I., constituting an English colony under the title of the Plantations of Providence and Rhode Island. On the occasion of a second visit to England in 1663, Williams obtained a more comprehensive charter from Charles II.; and curiously enough, through every phase of history, the provisions of this latter document have continued, with certain modifications, to be the constitution of the state of Rhode Island.

The opportunity of visiting a spot hallowed by one of the noblest struggles for civil and religious liberty of which history offers an example, was not, I thought, to be neglected. I had only two days to spare previous to going southward, and these I resolved on devoting to a pilgrimage to the small commonwealth founded by the immortal Roger Williams. So numerous are the railways diverging from Boston, that no difficulty is experienced in proceeding in the required direction. On a bracing and clear Saturday morning, I took the line to Providence, situated at the distance of about forty-two miles in a southerly direction. The route pursued lay through a country of hill and valley, dotted over with rough shrubby woods, enclosed pasture-fields, and villages of white houses, where manufactures of some kind appeared to be carried on. These seats of industry are seen chiefly nestling in hollows, on the banks of small streams, where they enjoy a command of water, either for moving machinery or to aid in the process of manufacture. Everything denotes that we are passing through a district of the usual orderly New England character. At the several stations along the line, a respectable class of persons drop into and depart from the cars, and it seemed to me that the cars themselves were the neatest and most commodious I had yet seen in my excursion.

After clearing the minor places on its route, the train entered a spacious valley with an arm of the sea at its lower extremity; and here, on both sides of a tidal basin connected by bridges, stands the venerable city of Providence. It was my good-fortune to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of the place in the course of my voyage across the Atlantic; and hospitably entertained by him on the present occasion, I was enabled to acquire much useful information respecting the locality. To get to my friend's residence, it was necessary to drive up a steep street leading from the central part of the town in an easterly direction towards a high level ground above, on which rows of handsome villas have recently been erected. The villas are, indeed, mostly of wood, but they are very pretty, with neat gardens in front, and gateways by which you may drive up to the door. Some have glass conservatories for flowers and tropical plants, connected with the drawing-rooms; and it is seen from other indications, that we have got among a class of dwellings inhabited by families of taste and opulence.

Temporarily settled in one of these suburban structures, I requested as a favour to be conducted to the spot where Roger Williams had landed in the

settlement. It was at no great distance. The site of the city of Providence, and this part of its environs, is a stretch of land between two indentations of the sea; and we have only to walk about a mile to the eastern boundary of the peninsula to find the subject of our research. A short ramble along a broad and newly laid out avenue, offering frontages for building-lots, led us to the brink of a high bank, from which we could look down on the memorable scene. Before us is a sea-water inlet, of no great breadth, with a sandy and rocky shore on each side, surmounted by rough, shrubby banks; all being as yet untouched by art, though probably destined to be involved in the traffic which in the first instance has settled around the harbour of Providence. By a rough path, we scrambled down the declivity to the water's edge, and there stood on the dark slaty rock from which Williams is said to have been saluted by the Indian. According to the legend, the words 'What cheer,' were employed on this occasion; and till the present day the seal of the city of Providence represents Williams's landing, surmounted by 'What cheer' as a motto. 'What cheer' is the perpetual slogan of the Rhode Islanders. It is seen stamped on their public documents; and in the principal street of Providence, there has lately been erected a remarkably fine building, entitled 'What Cheer Hall!'

After visiting the landing-place of Williams, I proceeded towards the town in quest of other memorials of the apostle of toleration. Of these, however, not many are in existence. Williams, at his death, left nothing of an enduring kind but the memory of his good deeds, and over his mortal remains no monumental stone has been erected. The humble edifice in which he ministered has long ago been succeeded by a larger and more handsome church pertaining to the Baptist communion. It is situated in the midst of an open piece of ground, on the slope of the hill near the town. On the brow of the eminence, from which a fine view is obtained, there has been erected a neat edifice for the accommodation of the Historical Society of Providence. Here, among many curiosities of an old date referring to colonial affairs, were shewn some crown-charters, and in a mass of detached papers I had the pleasure of seeing several letters of Roger Williams, written in a small cramped hand, and yellow with age—almost the only relics which Providence can shew of its celebrated founder. Across the way, and at the same elevation, are situated various stone buildings devoted to the purposes of the Brown University—an institution directed by the Baptists, and under the presidency of Dr Wayland, author of a well-known treatise on moral philosophy. I looked through the library of the university, which consisted of 20,000 volumes of choice literature, kept in the finest order. In a more central part of the town, is the Athenæum, an establishment which combines a large library for general use with a reading-room, where I found a choice of English newspapers and periodicals. Providence possesses a variety of benevolent and disciplinary institutions, and is not behind any city of its size in New England for the number of its schools. On the Sunday during my stay, I attended one of the Congregational churches, in which a good practical discourse was delivered to a respectable audience. The population of Providence is about 37,000, who possess among them thirty-five churches of one kind or other; so that it can scarcely be said the tolerant doctrines of Williams have led to a neglect of religious ordinances.

Rhode Island possesses several other towns of importance, one of them being Newport, a place of fashionable summer resort, situated on the island which gives its name to the state. In its general industrial features, Rhode Island resembles the neighbouring New England states, being thickly studded with cotton, woollen, and other manufacturing establishments,



for which water-power presents numerous facilities. But more interesting than any of its material pursuits, is the singularly democratic character of its constitution, which, as has been said, differs little from that which was imparted by Charles II. to the colonists. While Massachusetts was placed under the authority of a governor delegated by the crown, the settlers of Rhode Island were empowered to elect a governor from among themselves, and the routine of the election has proceeded uninterruptedly since 1663. The revolution which overthrew the English authority in the states generally, was therefore attended with no novelties in the administration of Rhode Island. A governor, senate, and house of representatives are elected annually by the citizens of the state, the ordinary expenses of which, derived from a population of 147,000, and an area of 47 by 37 miles, are only 50,000 dollars. Besides this sum, the state expends directly from its treasury for education 35,000 dollars per annum, to which may be added 55,000 dollars raised by local assessment for the same purpose. The yearly salary of the governor, I understand, is 400 dollars. Think of L.80 a year for a governor; and think also of another fact which excites equal surprise—a state in which more is expended for education than for the whole apparatus of civil government! Happy little state, which seems to go on flourishingly under a taxation of a dollar a head, everything included! And yet in this elysium there has been a rebellion. In 1842, an extreme party, much to the discredit of Rhode Island, took up arms to vindicate their irregular proceedings; but the community plucking up courage, quelled the insurrection with little trouble; and in 1843, the existing modified constitution was adopted with general approbation.

Settled into the condition of an old country, Rhode Island, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, does not offer a field for copious immigration; but I am warranted in saying that artisans, and almost every class of manual labourers, would have no difficulty in getting employment at good wages. At Providence, I was told of an Irish labourer who had contrived to save 1500 dollars, with which he cleared out for the western states, where land is still easily acquired. In the course of my conversation with gentlemen who called on me during my short stay in the place, I was questioned respecting the condition of the working-classes in Great Britain; the subject being apparently a matter of interest to those intelligent inquirers. The description I was able, from personal knowledge, to give of the ploughmen in Scotland was listened to with much surprise. 'A rural labourer of this class,' I said, 'is born and lives all his days in a humble cottage, thatched or slated, consisting only of one apartment, which contains two beds. The floor is of clay beaten hard, and is generally damp and productive of rheumatisms. The inside of the walls is usually whitened, seldom plastered; and a ceiling is ordinarily made of old mats nailed to rafters, about seven feet from the floor. The furniture consists principally of half-a-dozen deal-chairs, a deal-table, some plain crockery, one or two iron pots, and a flat disk of iron, whereon to bake oaten-cakes or bannocks of pease-meal. Besides this kind of bread, the food of the family consists of oatmeal-porridge, milk, hard cheese, and a little fried bacon; occasionally broth, with a modicum of meat. In the house of a thrifty ploughman, no tea, coffee, sugar, nor any luxury whatever is used, except on very rare occasions. To take up the ploughman at infancy, I continued, he goes to the parish school, which is perhaps three miles distant; and he is there instructed to read, write, and cipher, for which his parents pay the teacher a fee of from two to four shillings every quarter of a year. They also furnish him with books; one of these is a Bible—the reading of which as an ordinary lesson, with the committing of a catechism and some

psalms to his memory, as a task, usually constitute what in Scotland is called "a religious education." If the family is numerous, one juvenile, in corduroys and bare feet, is indulged with schooling only in alternate quarters. The schoolmaster may be good or bad; but over him the parents of pupils possess no control whatever. He is a fixture for life, and amenable only to the clergy of the Established Church, to whom he probably becomes a kind of sycophant. Should his life be extended to superannuation, no assistant can be legally imposed on him; and in some instances, accordingly, the education given is most miserable. What with this poor sort of schooling, herding cows, or helping at farm-work, the youth grows to manhood, and is hired at a country-fair to act as a ploughman. Young unmarried ploughmen are in some places lodged in huts by themselves, or accommodated with beds in the haylofts over the stables—in either case, greatly to their demoralisation. Getting over this critical period of his life, the ploughman marries, and a fresh family routine ensues. The cottage he occupies is one of four or five, built in a row, not far from the farm-steading, and called collectively, "the hinds' houses." Each cottage is provided with a small garden for growing vegetables; but seldom has it a single exterior accommodation of any kind. Coal, sticks gathered for fuel, and a dunghill lie heaped in front or rear—a scene of dirt and confusion. In this habitation and the adjoining fields, the ploughman passes his days. For his remuneration, he has the use of his dwelling rent-free; and besides a money-wage, has so much meal and other perquisites as make up a total of about L.30 per annum; to which liberty to keep a pig and fowls are considered to be important additions. What he gives for all this is a hard servitude, admitting of little relaxation or intellectual improvement. He possesses no political privileges whatever. Publicly, he is not recognised, further than being under the protection of the law, or as forming material for the militia ballot, when that is in operation. He is not called on to serve on any jury, or to take part in any parish or county meetings, or to vote for one thing or other. His condition, in short, when considered apart from religious consolations, is *without hope*. From his miserable earnings, after rearing a family, what, in old age, can he have saved? Unless aided by his daughters, some of whom may be in domestic service, or employed to work in the fields, he probably dies a parish pauper. Latterly, I added, 'an attempt has been made by the gentry to render the ploughmen's dwellings more consistent with decency and comfort, and in some places considerable improvements have been introduced.'

'It appears to me,' said a gentleman present, 'that the condition of your rural labourers is little better than that of unprivileged serfs.'

'There is this great difference,' I observed, 'our rural, and all other classes of labourers, are not a degraded or despised caste. They are free, and, under fortunate circumstances, may rise from a humble to a high station.'

'True, so far,' was the reply. 'But the freedom you impart is associated with such depressing influences, that the chance of rising is very slender. The state of popular education in Scotland, according to your own account, is very bad; and in England it is worse. Only one-half of the women who are married in England can sign their names. Great numbers of the rural labourers cannot read. Your aristocracy, having insured the ignorance and incapacity of the peasantry, turn round and say they are unfitted to exercise any political privileges—a pretty kind of liberty that! The Americans are amused with the schemes resorted to in England for the purpose of promoting improved tastes among the humbler classes. Parties who, as members of the legislature, habitually vote against every reasonable plan for extending education



unite with benevolent ladies and gentlemen to offer premiums to the best cultivators of flowers, bees, and cabbages; and we observe by the *Times*, that a society in England holds out expectations of a prize of a new coat, with fancy metal-buttons, to every peasant who reaches sixty years of age, without demanding or receiving relief from the parish! Anything rather than educate the people—charity rather than justice!

I was glad to say in answer to these remarks, that at present considerable efforts were being made to extend education in Great Britain, which would at no distant day be successful. The circumstance of so many English travellers inquiring into the methods of popular instruction in the United States, shewed that attention was directed to the subject.

'As you, then,' said my acquaintance, 'are making inquiries of this nature, be pleased to understand—that the education of all is a paramount necessity of our condition. For our own safety, we must educate the people; whereas in Great Britain, where the humbler classes have no political privileges, it appears to be a matter of indifference whether they are educated or not.'

It is unnecessary to continue my notes of this conversation. The last remark may be said to have brought out the philosophy of the question. Elementary education, so far as to enable every freeman to exercise the duties of citizenship with credit to himself and without danger to his neighbours, is a state-necessity in America. But we should be doing injustice to leave it to be supposed, that this guiding principle dates from the era of American independence. It is English, not American; and originated with the rule of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, with all their pragmatical and intolerant notions, had so high a sense of the advantages of elementary instruction, that one of their first public acts was to 'enjoin upon the municipal authorities the duty of seeing that every child within their jurisdictions should be educated.' This was as early as 1642; since which period, the system of elementary schools has been improved in various ways, and firmly established throughout the New England States, whence it has extended to other parts of the Union.

A few facts respecting the system of education in the present state of Massachusetts, may here be adverted to. In the first place, the education is conducted at the public expense, and therefore no fees are paid by pupils. The doctrine on this point is—that 'the public highway is not more open and free for every man in the community, than is the public school-house for every child; and each parent feels that a free education is as secure a part of the birthright of his offspring, as Heaven's bounties of light and air. The state not only commands that the means of education should be provided for all, but she denounces penalties against all individuals, and all towns and cities, however populous or powerful they may be, that shall presume to stand between her bounty and its recipients. In her righteous code, the interception of knowledge is a crime; and if parents are unable to supply their children with books, she becomes a parent, and supplies them.\*'

The next remarkable feature of the common-school system of Massachusetts is, that it is under the administration of a general board of education, with local boards elected by all who pay school-rates. No corporations, lay or ecclesiastical, have anything to say in the matter. Schools are erected in districts, or divisions of towns, according to the wants of the population, as ascertained by a periodical census. The laws regulating the number of schools are exceedingly minute in their provisions. In 1850, the population of Massachusetts was 994,499, or close upon a million. Two years later—that is, in 1852—there were in the state 202,880 children between

five and fifteen years of age, for whose education the sum of 921,532 dollars was raised by public means, being very nearly a dollar for every inhabitant. Of the above number of children, the mean average attendance at the common schools was 144,477. It appears, however, that 20,812 attended private schools and academies; so that the entire number of children habitually at school was 165,289, or about 1 in 6 of the population. In none of the reports coming under my notice is any explanation given of the cause why the attendance falls so far short of the actual number of children. On inquiring into the circumstance, it was said that many parents were satisfied with sending their children three months in the year to school; the extreme temperature in winter and summer was also said to cause irregularity of attendance; and a heavy complaint was made against foreigners, more particularly Irish, for not taking care to send their children regularly to the free-schools. In Massachusetts there are laws against truancy; parents who neglect to enforce the attendance of their children at the free-schools, or any private school of their own choosing, being liable in penalties; but I fear these laws are loosely executed.

In the appointment of teachers, no religious test is imposed; it being sufficient that they are of a sound moral character, and competent for their duties. I believe that much difficulty is experienced in finding teachers who will attach themselves permanently to their situations; and the constant shifting tends to interrupt and injure the routine of instruction.

The state, in enjoining universal education, does not consider itself entitled to prescribe instruction in any specific religious doctrines—these being left to be taught by parents, by religious pastors, or by other private agencies. The teacher, however, is recommended to begin the duties of the day by reading a portion of the Scriptures, or by repeating the Lord's Prayer. The absence of direct religious instruction is represented by a recent English traveller as a defect in the New England system, which is leading to universal demoralisation. I feel assured that this, like some other faults with which the Americans are charged, is a gross misrepresentation, founded on the views of interested parties—for even in New England, certain denominations are chagrined at not being allowed to monopolise the duty of imparting, at the expense of the state, their own peculiar tenets.\* Much, I was

\* In connection with this subject, I may introduce the following passage from the *National Magazine* (December 1853), a respectable periodical published in New York:—'At the present moment an important discussion is going on [in England] in reference to popular education; and the question has been not a little embarrassed by reports from certain sources in this country, that our system tends to a wide-spread and confirmed infidelity, and to great laxity of morals. It is a significant fact, that these opinions have only been advanced by those who were previously committed to the advocacy of parochial or sectarian schools. The discussion has been of great service, however; for it has awakened the community to the importance of insisting upon high moral qualifications in their instructors, and upon decided Christian discipline in the schools. An interesting inquiry, suggested by an English gentleman, was made in reference to the statements above alluded to, under the direction of certain friends of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The object of the inquiry was to discover how many of the attendants upon the common schools were also members of Sabbath-schools, and were receiving religious instruction through this instrumentality. The result reached, by examining the schools in Boston, Lowell, and representative towns in commercial and agricultural districts, was that, on an average, 90 per cent. of all the children connected with the common schools were at the time of the examination, or had been, connected with the Sabbath-school, and were receiving, through this important instrumentality, religious culture. This was, indeed, an unexpected and gratifying result, justifying a remark that has somewhere been made—that the Sabbath-school is the evangelist of the common school.'

\* Report on Common Schools of Massachusetts, by Horace Mann. 1840.

told, is done to extend religious instruction on a footing of kindly interest, by means of Sabbath-evening classes; and so far as I may judge, from what fell under my notice at Boston, an extraordinary degree of attention is given to this kind of instruction by young persons of both sexes, connected with different congregations. I may add, that if the people are not animated by moral and religious convictions, they greatly belie outward appearances; for it is certain that no such scenes of loathsome vice or intemperance are seen in Boston as may be witnessed in the streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow.

I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that, in point of general discipline, the American schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purposes of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh school-system of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder, or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are seated at small desks, not more than two together, in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary, likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter and depart slowly and decorously, instead of being suffered, as I observe, even in some of the more pretentious schools of Edinburgh, to rush rudely out like so many wild animals. In Massachusetts, and generally in the States, the plan of imparting a free education according to abilities, is pursued through several grades—primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, such as have been noticed in New York; and I would, from the bare knowledge of this fact, ask any one to compare so wide a range of instruction at the public cost, with the meagre and antiquated routine of elementary education legally maintained in Scotland, and which some persons complacently represent as the perfection of human wisdom. Boston, with a population of about 150,000, appropriates 330,000 dollars for the support of public schools, being more than a fourth of the whole city taxes; and as the number of pupils is nearly 23,000, the yearly cost of educating each child is therefore about fifteen dollars. In what city in Great Britain could we find the inhabitants voluntarily taxing themselves to give every child an education at L.3 a head? Besides her elementary and advanced schools, her normal schools, and her university, Massachusetts supports a State Reform School at Westborough. It is on the principle of an industrial institution—work of various kinds, including field-labour, being given to the inmates. To this school, young persons from seven to eighteen or nineteen years of age are sent by courts of justice, for petty offences. Of 724 committed since the opening of the school, 115 were born in foreign countries, mostly in Ireland.

Looking at Massachusetts as a small and comparatively sterile state, of only a million of inhabitants, it is matter of astonishment that she does so much for social amelioration. 'For public, free education alone,' says Horace Mann, in the paper already quoted, 'Massachusetts expends annually more than a million of dollars. To support religious institutions for the worship of God and the salvation of men, she annually expends more than another million; and what she gives away, in the various forms of charity, far exceeds a third sum of equal magnitude. For the support of the poor, nine-tenths of whose cost originate with foreigners, or come from one prolific vice, whose last convulsive energies she is now struggling to subdue, she annually pays more than 300,000 dollars; for the support and improvement of public highways, she pays a much larger sum; and within the last dozen or fourteen years, she has invested a capital in railways, within and without the state, of nearly or quite 60 millions of dollars.' Whence comes all this wealth? asks this

fervid writer; and the answer is ready: 'One copious, exhaustless fountain supplies all this abundance. It is Education—the intellectual, moral, and religious education of the people.' I am glad to be able to present this as the opinion of one who may be presumed to be better acquainted with the kind of instruction which is generally imparted, than any stranger who makes a casual visit to Massachusetts.

I have elsewhere had occasion to refer to the general neatness of the dwellings of the operative-classes in America, their self-respect and orderly conduct, their love of reading and anxiety to improve their circumstances; and that these qualities are in no small degree a result of a system of universal school instruction, we have the best testimony in the special Reports of Mr George Wallis and Mr Joseph Whitworth, concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition, laid before parliament a few months ago. A few passages from these interesting Reports may not be here out of place.

Speaking of American workmen, Mr Wallis observes, that no one can 'fail to be impressed with the advantages derived from the long and well-directed attention paid to the education of the whole people by the public-school systems of the New England States and of the state of Pennsylvania. Here, where sound and systematic education has been longest, and, in all probability, most perfectly carried out, the greatest manufacturing developments are to be found; and here it is also where the greatest portion of the skilled workmen of the United States are educated, alike in the simplest elements of knowledge, as in the most skillful application of their ingenuity to the useful arts and the manufacturing industry of their country, and from whence they are spread over the vast territories of the Union, becoming the originators, directors, and, ultimately, the proprietors of establishments which would do no discredit to the manufacturing states of Europe.' Mr Wallis goes on to say—'As there is no apprenticeship-system, properly so called, the more useful the youth engaged in any industrial pursuit becomes to his employer, the more profitable it is for himself. Bringing a mind prepared by thorough school-discipline, and educated up to a far higher standard than those of a much superior social grade in society in the Old World, the American working-boy develops rapidly into the skilled artisan; and having once mastered one part of his business, he is never content until he has mastered all. Doing one mechanical operation well, and only that one, does not satisfy him or his employer. He is ambitious to do something more than a set task, and, therefore, he must learn all. The second part of his trade he is allowed to learn as a reward for becoming master of the first; and so on to the end, if he may be said ever to arrive at that. The restless activity of mind and body—the anxiety to improve his own department of industry—the facts constantly before him of ingenious men who have solved economic and mechanical problems to their own profit and elevation—are all stimulative and encouraging; and it may be said, that there is not a working-boy of average ability in the New England States, at least, who has not an idea of some mechanical invention or improvement in manufactures, by which, in good time, he hopes to better his position, or rise to fortune and social distinction.'

At present, a body of operative carpenters in a large town in England have struck work, in consequence of their employers having introduced machinery into their establishments. Facts of this kind continually occurring in Great Britain, contrast strangely with the statements presented by Mr Whitworth respecting the eagerness with which American operatives, through a superior intelligence, assist in promoting mechanical contrivances. He says, 'wherever machinery can be introduced as a substitute for manual labour, it is universally and willingly

resorted to; of this the facts stated in my Report contain many conclusive proofs, but I may here specially refer, as examples, to plough-making, where eight men are able to finish 30 per day; to door-making, where twenty men make 100 panelled doors per day; to last-making, the process of which is completed in 1½ minutes; to sewing by machinery, where one woman does the work of 20; to net-making, where one woman does the work of 100. It is this condition of the labour-market, and this eager resort to machinery wherever it can be applied, to which, under the guidance of superior education and intelligence, the remarkable prosperity of the United States is mainly due.' He afterwards mentions, that 'the results which have been obtained in the United States, by the application of machinery wherever it has been practicable to manufacture, are rendered still more remarkable by the fact, that combinations to resist its introduction are there unheard of. The workmen hail with satisfaction all mechanical improvements, the importance and value of which, as releasing them from the drudgery of unskilled labour, they are enabled by education to understand and appreciate.' Mr Whitworth concludes by saying, that 'the principles which ought to regulate the relations between the employer and employed seem to be thoroughly understood and appreciated in the United States; and while the law of limited liability affords the most ample facilities for the investment of capital in business, the intelligent and educated artisan is left equally free to earn all he can, by making the best use of his hands, without let or hindrance by his fellows. It rarely happens that a workman who possesses peculiar skill in his craft is disqualified to take the responsible position of superintendent, by the want of education and general knowledge, as is frequently the case in this country. In every state in the Union, and particularly in the north, education is, by means of the common schools, placed within the reach of each individual, and all classes avail themselves of the opportunities afforded.' But in the United States there is another element of improvement in ceaseless operation—the press. 'The desire of knowledge so early implanted is greatly increased, while the facilities for diffusing it are amply provided through the instrumentality of an almost universal press. No taxation of any kind has been suffered to interfere with the free development of this powerful agent for promoting the intelligence of the people; and the consequence is, that where the humblest labourer can indulge in the luxury of his daily paper, everybody reads, and thought and intelligence penetrate through the lowest grades of society. The benefits which thus result from a liberal system of education and a cheap press to the working-classes of the United States, can hardly be overestimated in a national point of view; but it is to the co-operation of both that they must undoubtedly be ascribed. For if, selecting a proof from among the European states, the condition of Prussia be considered, it will be found that the people of that country, as a body, have not made that progress which, from the great attention paid to the education of all classes, might have been anticipated; and this must certainly be ascribed to the restrictions laid upon the press, which have so materially impeded the general advancement of the people. Wherever education and an unrestricted press are allowed full scope to exercise their united influence, progress and improvement are the certain results; and among the many benefits which arise from their joint co-operation, may be ranked most prominently the value which they teach men to place upon intelligent contrivance, the readiness with which they cause new improvements to be received, and the impulse which they thus unavoidably give to that inventive spirit which is gradually emancipating man from the rude forms of labour, and making what were regarded as the luxuries of one age to be looked

upon in the next as the ordinary and necessary conditions of human existence.'

It would be easy, if room permitted, to extend our observations on the subject of elementary education in the New England and other states. What has been said is enough to shew that in this department of public affairs, the Americans—and I may add, the Canadians—have got completely the start of the people of Great Britain, who indeed, in this respect, are behind the English Puritans of the seventeenth century—behind even John Knox, a century earlier. While generation after generation in England is passing away imperfectly instructed for the present, and as imperfectly prepared for a future state of existence, our American brethren, unimpeded by obstructions of any kind, have shot far ahead, and are carrying the triumphs of free and universal education to limits scarcely so much as dreamed of in this country. W. C.

#### THE TRUTH OF THE MIRROR.

MIRRORS have been in use since the days when Eve made her toilet by the streams of Paradise; and all her daughters—ay, and her sons too, if truth must be told—have resorted to them, whether in the form of the clear fountain, or the polished steel, or the modern looking-glass. But we do not mean to treat of their history or manufacture. We take them as we find them—a necessity of life. What house does not possess a mirror?—from the large cheval mirror, with its gorgeous gilding, in which the high-born beauty arrays herself for the ball, reflecting the floating lace, the wreath-bound tresses, and even the satin-shod feet, down to the little cracked disk, bound with red painted wood, hanging on the wall of the garret where the poor seamstress plies her task, in which she smooths her hair, and sees it growing gray so soon, and in which she looks upon the face of her only friend.

It is not with the outward form, but with the *morale* of the mirror we have to do; and we presume that the morality of a mirror consists in its truth, a virtue we believe capable of producing every other—the quality of sincerity standing highest in our esteem. Many are the accusations brought against the mirror on the score of flattery; but we set them down as altogether groundless. At anyrate, the glass of nature is, we think, more open to this charge than any other. The rustic beauty of whatever clime, who has to rise from her couch and proceed to the fountain before she can arrange her sleep-dishevelled tresses, as she looks down into its watery depths, sees a more flattering representation of herself, in the clear yet softened outline it gives to view, than if she beheld herself reflected in the crystal of the boudoir. Mirrors have been likewise accused of the opposite and far less pardonable breach of truth. Now, we will not deny that there are individuals of the class to be met with, though chiefly of great age and plebeian origin, which have a quite wonderful propensity for elongation and extension of the visage, or of some one of its particular members; and we have met with one which, at a certain point of view, reflected double; but, in general, they bear a deservedly fair character for singleness and truth, so as to render their testimony worthy of credit.

'You are very beautiful,' says the mirror, as one looks into it with glancing eye, and cheek of damask, and brow of snow; and she who looks therein, twines the jetty curl round her finger, and, with a smile that shews the pearly teeth, acknowledges the truth; and



that consciousness makes her lovelier still. It is an exalting thought, that she is the fairest thing in nature; and she can no more help rejoicing in it than the flower can help expanding in the sunshine, or waving in the breeze.

'You will spoil that pretty face and graceful figure with your affectation,' says the mirror to the lady before it, practising attitudes, and trying the effect of various smiles, from the faintest possible motion of the lip, to the teeth-displaying, dimple-compelling laugh; but the monitor speaks in vain, while it mocks her grimaces with its calm clear integrity. She only sees it return her own admiring gaze. Be consoled, good mirror; thou art not the only neglected truth-teller in the world.

'You are very plain, miss,' pronounces the mirror; and the quiet smile that answers says:

'I know I am; but I want to look as well as I can, for all that.' Again the mirror speaks unheeded, while it declares that the glow of inward satisfaction from that unknown deep of beneficence and kindness, or that unacknowledged act of self-denial, has diffused itself over those uninteresting features, and made them almost lovely.

'And you will be an old maid,' resumes the mirror, though with a little shade of hesitation.

'What although?' is the return: 'I think it possible for an old maid to be happy. Affections which have no near objects on which to expend their wealth, need not therefore lack, in a world like this, their legitimate exercise.'

'But if, after all, your affection and your sympathy should meet with no return? if these should be as unsought as your love?' The lip quivered a little, and the eyes were suffused, but the mirror answered itself: 'They will serve to beautify your own soul.'

'You are growing old,' the mirror whispers daily to the man and woman of the world. Oh, would they but listen to the solemn truths it preaches from the text of their gray hairs! But he does not stop to notice the hard lines of eager worldliness that have gathered round his lips and on his brow; and she, whose glass sees her only as she is, as she arrays herself in her false graces, forgets that her life is falselier still.

'You are a villain, and you know it,' frowns the faithful mirror on its *vis-à-vis*. She was a wise mother who brought a looking-glass to her child during a fit of passion, to let her see its deformity in the workings of her face; and let any one come to the mirror after the commission of a deed of meanness, cruelty, or vice, and he will assuredly find an accuser there. We have fancied there was something solemn in standing face to face with ourselves; the facts of our life read strangely in that book; the reflection seems a second conscience. Action always leaves its traces, more or less distinctly, more or less permanently, on the features. Sometimes these traces are gradually obliterated in the lapse of time by means of a change in the conduct and its attendant thoughts; but if no change takes place, the lines, by imperceptible touches, become ineradicable. What are the hideous faces to be met with among the outcasts of society, but extreme examples of this? Men are naturally physiognomists. We remember our own intense predilection in our childhood for those who were possessed of personal beauty, and we believe the feeling is, more or less, common to all children. And though we have since then learned to discriminate better, and to know that moral and physical beauty are often dissociated, we still believe that, however separated for a time, a unity subsists between them which will manifest itself in the end. This we know—a life spent in virtue and benevolence, never fails to make the exterior of the man a sharer in its beauty; the light within radiates outwards,

and penetrates in some measure its veil of flesh; while avarice, harshness, and sensuality never fail, on the other hand, to stamp their degrading impress on the face of age.

### PRIZE-MONEY.

Sweet is prize-money—especially to seamen.—BYRON.

ACCORDING to an old story, once upon a time a sailor on board a ship just going into action, was observed in an attitude of prayer; and in answer to a question, he made known unto all whom it might concern, that he was praying that the enemy's balls might be apportioned like prize-money—the lion's share among the officers! The joke may excite a curiosity to know what are the relative proportions of prize-money assigned to officers and men. We shall adduce a famous instance by way of answer to the inquiry. In 1799, the four British frigates, *Naiad*, *Ethalion*, *Alcmène*, and *Triton*, captured the two Spanish frigates, *Thetis* and *Santa-Brigida*, bound from Vera Cruz to Spain with specie, &c. The treasure in the *Thetis* was worth £311,690; and the other prize contained as much or more specie, besides a valuable cargo of cochineal, &c. The prizes were safely carried to Plymouth, and the treasure was forwarded, with much pomp, to London, and deposited in the Bank of England. The prize-money, exclusive of the value of the hulls and stores of the Spanish frigates, was distributed among the officers and crews of the British frigates in the following rates:—

Captains, - - - -	each	£40,730 18 0
Lieutenants, - - -	"	5,691 7 3
Warrant-officers, -	"	2,438 10 0
Midshipmen, &c. -	"	791 17 0
Seamen and Marines, -	"	182 4 0

When a ship is captured, a prize-crew is immediately sent on board to take possession, and navigate it to the nearest available port, where, if it proves a legal capture, it is condemned by the Vice-Admiralty Court, and the vessel and all it contains then becomes the sole property of the officers and crew of the ship or ships which effected the capture. Her Majesty's new order in council, dated March 29, 1854, clearly defines the mode in which the distribution of prize-money is now to be effected:—'Ships being in sight of the prize, as also of the captor, under circumstances to cause intimidation to the enemy, and encouragement to the captor, shall be alone entitled to share as joint-captors.' Such is one of the clauses, and we quote it for the purpose of making a remark on the subject. It is perfectly fair so far as it goes, but it is not comprehensive enough. We understand that considerable dissatisfaction has already been expressed on this point by the seamen serving in the largest ships of the grand Baltic fleet. Their grievance is this: A number of line-of-battle ships cruise twenty miles, it may be, off some port of the enemy; and meanwhile one or two small frigates or sloops belonging to the fleet boldly venture in and pick up numbers of the enemy's merchantmen, which become sole prizes to their captors; for as the line-of-battle ships are not *in sight*, they can claim no share of the prizes. On the other hand, the frigates and sloops dared not have gone inshore to seize their prey had not the line-of-battle ships been in the offing—a fact which, of course, served to intimidate the enemy, and prevented him from sending forth his own ships-of-war to resist the English frigates. It really is as though the jackal seized prey in the name and by the authority of his patron the lion, and then impudently kept all for himself! In a sea so shallow as the Baltic, huge ships of twenty and five-and-twenty feet draught cannot possibly run inshore to pick up prizes; and unless an action takes place on a large scale, the jackals will wax fat, whilst the lions famish! As concerns the residue of the order in council, we need

only mention here, that after providing, in the usual manner, for the right of the *flag*—or commanding-officer of any fleet, squadron, &c.—the residue of the net prize-money is divisible in ten classes: the first class receiving each person forty-five shares, and so on to the tenth class; namely, youngest boys, who receive only one share each. Government also pays *head-money* for taking, sinking, burning, or destroying ships of war or privateers of the enemy—that is, so much for each of the enemy's crew who are proved to have been on board at the commencement of the engagement. We have read that the French used to pay, according to their prize-law, the sum of 3500 francs for each long gun or carronade on board any of our men-of-war captured. We may also here add, that when an English man-of-war on a cruise or a station in war-time, fits out a *tender* or small vessel, and sends it forth to cruise for the enemy's merchantmen or privateers, all the prizes made by this tender are shared equally with the crew of the man-of-war to which she belongs. Mr James, the naval historian, has noticed this, and justly observes, that 'it is not the sole misfortune under which the commanding-officer of a tender labours, that, while he incurs all the risk and all the responsibility, he only shares prize-money as one of the lieutenants of the flag-ship: the case is harder where that flag-ship remains idle in port; otherwise the prizes she might make by cruising would perhaps afford to the tender's commander a counterbalancing advantage.' By the new regulations, the common seaman's share of prize-money is increased. If the law continues as it was formerly, Greenwich Hospital receives a percentage on all prize-money, and also from unclaimed shares, and shares belonging to men who have deserted.

When a prize is carried into port, it is put in the hands of a *prize-agent*, whose duty it is to see to her condemnation by the court, and to effect a fair and proper distribution of prize-money among the captors, from the sale of the hull and all it contains. Many of these prize-agents, during the last war, realised immense fortunes by iniquitously abusing their very responsible trust. They made enormous overcharges for their services, and in various other ways scandalously robbed both officers and men of that which they had won at risk of life and limb. At length, in 1811, Mr George Rose, of the Navy Pay-office, exposed their doings to the Lords of the Admiralty, and brought to light almost incredible delinquencies, as we learn from copies of his official letters lying before us. In one case—that of a Russian frigate and store-ship, detained by the fleet at Spithead—the net sum to be distributed as prize-money was £73,000, and the agent charged no less than £9306, 6s. 9d. for his labour! He was compelled to refund £6630 of this, and to pay all costs of the suit-at-law for its recovery. This was by no means an unusual case. Some prize-agents managed to pocket more than one-half of the money passing through their hands. Enemy's vessels captured on foreign stations were condemned there by courts appointed for the purpose, and the captors were fleeced of their prize-money by agents and proctors in much the same manner as in England. During the first eight years of the war—1803 to 1811—about 6000 vessels were condemned as prizes in Great Britain, and at least 3000 were similarly condemned in colonial jurisdictions. Prizes to the amount of a million and a half sterling were, on the average, condemned annually. So systematically did the prize-agents, &c., at some foreign stations, pocket the greater portion of the net proceeds from condemned prizes, that Lord Cochrane declared in the House of Commons, when moving for the production of returns relative to the Admiralty Court at Malta, that it was hardly worth while for English cruisers to seize the vessels of the enemy, and to risk the expenses of their condemnation, &c. He shewed the House a Malta proctor's bill, which measured *six fathoms and a quarter*

*in length!* He said that this person acted both as proctor and marshal of the court, and 'in one character charged for attending on himself in the other!'

In numerous cases, when a prize was legally condemned, years elapsed ere any distribution of the proceeds was announced, and in the interval, very many of the claimants for shares had died, or were scattered over the globe. We have a curiously constructed table before us, shewing the distribution of prizes from 1803 to 1810. We perceive that the proceeds of eighteen prizes taken in 1803, were not distributed to the captors till the seventh year after capture. How many men survived to receive their shares in this instance? At the time when the distribution was advertised, how many were at home to receive their due? When the *Rattlesnake* returned home in 1811 from the East Indies, only one man of her original crew remained in her: death, removals, and desertions had disposed of all the rest. But the prize-agents had a short and easy method of providing for such contingencies. They used to persuade ignorant seamen to make wills in their favour, and in this way alone reaped much ill-gotten gain. Mr Rose says, in one of his letters to the Admiralty, that 'one agent for seamen, resident near Chatham, had wills by him *with his name printed on them as the friend of the persons who were to execute them*; and this man lately produced at my office a will made by a private marine, bequeathing to him £180 personal property, besides all his pay, prize-money, and clothes, although he had a brother and two legitimate children living.' This will was legally executed; but Mr Rose managed to induce the cormorant agent to surrender his claim in favour of the orphan children of the deceased marine.

We have given the above details relative to the gross malversation of prize-agents in the last great war, principally to shew how our seamen were formerly plundered on every hand. Thousands of poor fellows fought desperately, and huzzed when the enemy's colours came down, fancying they had won ships which would yield them plenty of prize-money, when, in reality, they had only risked their lives to enrich an agent living like a lord on shore; and the odds were ten to one that poor Jack himself did not live to touch a dollar of the thousands he had won by his skill and valour. We presume that a very different system will prevail during the present war. It surely is not too much to expect that the government will take care that captured vessels are adjudicated with the least possible delay, and, if condemned, their proceeds promptly distributed in an equitable manner, instead of melting away in the hands of unscrupulous agents. Worse management than prevailed fifty years ago is scarcely possible. In 1810, the proceeds of thirty-seven prizes were advertised for distribution, which had been withheld from nine to fifteen years, owing to the cupidity of the agents!

#### PLIGHTED TROTH.

ALTHOUGH every day, and almost every hour, a Flemish *meaige* is scrubbed, scoured, waxed, and put in order, the Saturday is not the less consecrated, from time immemorial, to an especial cleansing, which, though nearly useless, is nevertheless accomplished with singular punctuality and fidelity. Floods of water deluge the red slabs of baked earth that compose the paving of the apartments; and when the busy housewives cease at length to lash the water with their brooms, considering that they have done their duty by the floors, they then fall upon the furniture and utensils. Bath-brick replaces water; and with the aid of a few soft rags, every door-handle and copper

sauce-pan assumes the appearance and the brilliancy of the most precious metal.

It was in such labours that old Brigitta, who had been in the service of the Schaurmans family thirty years, occupied herself one Saturday with unrelaxed solicitude and perseverance. The object of her especial care was an enormous skuttle of fine copper, in which, so bright was it with incessant polishing, were reflected the smallest details of the court in which Brigitta was engaged at her task. What does the active servant behold in her copper mirror, that can cause her to start so violently, and gaze upon it with so blank a countenance?

The reason of her dismay was this: at one of the windows of the house, to which her back was turned, but which was clearly reflected upon the skuttle, she observed her young mistress in the act of leaning towards a young man, and allowing him to kiss her forehead. Then the indiscreet mirror shewed the thoughtless couple exchanging rings, kneeling side by side, and holding their hands towards heaven.

What would people say if it ever got to be known in the town of Swal? The daughter of the richest citizen of the province of Overysel to love a poor painter without fortune and without reputation! What was to be done? Ought not Brigitta herself, like a faithful and devoted servant, acquaint her master with what she had discovered? But this would be to betray a secret she had arrived at accidentally—a secret, too, whose revelation would entail tears and endless despair upon her dear young mistress. The old merchant, her father, would doubtless be pitiless, and conduct himself with the utmost rigour towards her. Brigitta's tears fell upon the brilliant skuttle, where they glittered like pearls. The good woman wiped them away, re-entered the house, and busied herself in preparing the family-supper. While thus occupied, her mind unceasingly dwelt upon the scene of which she had been the involuntary witness. Nightfall came at length, and she ascended to Marie's chamber, where she found her young mistress without a light, and sobbing violently.

'What is the matter, dear child?' asked Brigitta compassionately, pressing the poor girl's hand.

'Oh, my dearest nurse, it is a very sad secret, that I dare not confide even to your tenderness. Brigitta, listen—O no! no! I dare not.' And Marie hid her face on the bosom of the old domestic.

'Well, to save you the pain of confessing your secret and your fault, dear, I will tell you that accident has discovered to me the love with which you have inspired the young painter. I saw you this morning allow him to take a kiss; then you exchanged rings; lastly, you prayed and wept together.'

'You know all, Brigitta! How is this? Never has a single word of tenderness escaped the lips of Gerard Terburg; only for some time he has been exceedingly absent and melancholy. To-day he said to me: "I depart to-morrow for Spain, there to make myself a name, to become rich, and then return to Flanders for a wife." At these words, I nearly fainted. He continued: "For all this, four years are necessary. If you were the young girl whom I love, would you have confidence in the success of the poor painter? Would you wait four years to become his wife?" Then I leaned towards him, Brigitta; he kissed my forehead; we exchanged rings; we prayed and wept together.'

'And messire your father, mademoiselle, what will he say to all this?'

'I shall hide my secret until Gerard's return.'

'But if your father should decide upon marrying you?'

'I shall refuse all proposals of the kind.'

'But if he insists upon obedience?'

'I shall die!' cried the young girl with the resolution of despair.

Brigitta, as might have been expected, became from this time the consoler and confidante of her youthful mistress. It was to Brigitta that Marie related all her inquietudes; it was to Brigitta she would sometimes say: 'My father has this evening proposed another lover. I have refused, and have had to endure his anger and his complaints.' The good servant was not merely a passive recipient of Marie's confidence, she had likewise become the accomplice of her love and her resistance. She even partook of the affection of the young enthusiast for her absent lover, whom they now expected daily, for the four years had at length expired.

But, alas! Terburg did not reappear. Marie was at first devoured by anxiety, then resigned herself to despair; for thus to fail in the sacred promise he had given, her lover must be dead. Brigitta endeavoured to combat this belief, while adopting it as the sole probability; for the idea of treason or forgetfulness on the part of Terburg could not occur to the pure and upright imaginations of these two simple-hearted women.

However the case might really stand, Marie's despair merged by little and little into a species of gentle and resigned melancholy, which, nevertheless, totally precluded the idea of her forming any other engagement. She dismissed all suitors for her hand as she had formerly refused the lovers presented by her father, for the old gentleman had died five years after the departure of Terburg. Free to please herself, she resolved to devote to celibacy the life which she had not been able to consecrate to the happiness of him whom she yet loved, and whom she believed to be in heaven, with her father. Like all tender, deceived, or isolated souls, she found in religion a mysterious solace for her woes. Her immense fortune was devoted to works of charity, in which she had a zealous coadjutor in Brigitta, who grew old without becoming infirm. Together they visited the poor, and spread around them happiness and ease by large and judicious alms. Every one in the little town of Swal knew and loved the Demoiselle Schaurmans.

Forty years thus elapsed. Brigitta was now ninety; and the pretty little fair-haired Fleming, whose graceful features had formerly been reflected in the copper mirror, had become a sober personage of fifty-eight years, whose plump figure harmonised in the happiest manner with her benevolent physiognomy. However, neither this *embouppement* nor the great age of Brigitta had had the power to deprive the two women of any portion of their activity. This was still so unimpaired, that towards the autumn of 1678, they undertook a journey to Haarlem upon we know not what business.

There they alighted at the best hotel in the town. But, unluckily, all the rooms were occupied, with the exception of one, which was disputed by a traveller who had arrived at the same time with Mademoiselle Schaurmans. He was a blunt little old man, and not at all disposed to cede his rights. Mademoiselle Schaurmans, habituated in her small town to the deference and the regard secured to her by her large fortune, and the respect her character inspired, was much wounded by the rudeness with which the stranger insisted upon his claim; and Brigitta could not refrain from observing aloud, that a lady being in question, it was the duty of a polite man to yield his rights, if he had any, to her mistress.

'At our age,' replied the contradictory old fellow, 'there is neither sex nor gallantry. We are two old people, that is all; we need the same cares. A bad night would be equally disagreeable to me as to



madame. I have a right to the chamber, and I shall keep it.' So the two tired women were compelled, at eight o'clock in the evening, to seek refuge in another hotel, where they arrived shivering with cold, and in the worst possible humour.

'Well, indeed!' exclaimed Brigitta, as she examined the mattresses of their beds, which were hard and uncomfortable; 'what a brute that man is!'

'I never beheld a more ugly and disagreeable countenance,' said her mistress.

'Such a singular appearance, with his toothless mouth, his bald pate, and his great gouty feet!'

'We are two old people,' said he. Like his impudence! to compare a woman of fifty odd to an old *podagra* of eighty at the least.'

'Yes, he is most disagreeable. I am certain he can never have been supportable, even in his youth.'

'From the moment I entered the hotel, he inspired me with instinctive aversion.'

The stranger, on his part, expressed himself with no more moderation than the two females. 'Upon my word,' he said, 'to be expected, for the sake of a fat old woman like that, to put myself out of the way, and expose myself to take cold. It would comport well with my age and appearance to commit such a folly!'

His valet-de-chambre interrupted him in the midst of these uncivil reflections. 'The ladies that have just left,' he said, 'have taken with their own luggage one of your cases by mistake; and I believe it is the one containing a picture.'

'My picture!' cried the old man—'my picture! probably my best! The only work of my youth I have preserved. Run, Pierre, run to the neighbouring hotel, where these two old women are lodged. Stop: I will go myself.' And with the vivacity of a young man, he took his stick, and went hastily to the two ladies. Entering without any announcement, he found them in tears.

Like worthy daughters of Eve, they had opened the case. The picture therein contained represented the farewell that had taken place forty years previously between Gerard and Marie. Mademoiselle Schaurmans and her ancient lover regarded each other for a long time in silence, without being able to discern in the withered visages of either any trace of the features so lovingly preserved in their remembrances, and still doubting whether they really stood before each other. Then they approached, and joined hands. 'Marie!' exclaimed Terburg, falling on his knees before her, 'can you ever forgive me?'

'Alas! what matter,' exclaimed she with a calm joy—'what matter at our age the past follies and errors of youth? I find only a friend, a brother. Thank God for it!'

'A husband, Marie! Why not realise now, old as we are, the dreams of other times?'

'O no—no!' murmured the comely old lady, a slight flush suffusing her still smooth cheek. 'There is no marrying nor giving in marriage for us. The feelings of the past cannot be revived. What have you or I to do with love?'

The old painter would have sued, as if he had still been the handsome youth of other days; but Mademoiselle Schaurmans was firm. Brigitta supported her mistress in her resolution. So M. Terburg was fain to put up with friendship instead of love. He followed his ancient mistress to Swal, and there took a house in the same street with hers. The friends saw each other daily, enjoying the tranquil happiness suited to their age and increasing infirmities. They died within a year of one another, and were buried side by side in the old church-yard.

Brigitta, their heir, caused a magnificent monument to be erected to their memory, and shortly afterwards took her place at their feet; but not without making a

provision for the numerous pensioners of her beloved mistress. The poor and infirm of the town of Swal had reason to bless the foresight which continued to solace their afflictions for more than a century.'

## BORROWING AND LENDING IN OLD TIMES.

It may be worth while—when the actualities of the credit-system are so intimately connected with our polity, public and private, when the existence of every nation and every individual is constantly under the influence of what is owing on one side or other—to take a short survey of the march of borrowing and lending. It must have been an awful moment when the earliest debtor pledged himself to the earliest creditor: a Greek poet would have sent the streams back to their sources, bowed the forests, and brought flames from the mountains at the tremendous juncture.

The old Romans, when they found their debts peculiarly oppressive, usually took the matter into their own hands—they retired to the Mons Sacer, or raised a tumult, which commonly ended in a special insolvent debtor's act, intended only for the moment, like our wise measures of the last century. It is intelligible that in those days, when such matters were managed by a small revolution, debtors should get relief by fits and starts; but in our times, when a peaceable parliamentary act did the business, why insolvents should be released in the year of grace 1766 or 1788, rather than any other year, is a question only to be answered by the wisdom of our ancestors.

Sometimes the thing took a different turn. A centurion once was hauled off for debt, when Maullius, the conqueror of the Gauls, rushed into the crowd, exclaiming, that he had not saved the Capitol with his own right hand, in order that a fellow-soldier should be chained and marched off, as if the Gauls had been the conquerors. What could these have done more? was the idea of the honourable and gallant general.

In those days, imprisonment for debt—although it had a good many harsh conditions—was at least founded upon a sensible principle. The debtor was, at any rate, not shut up in a common jail, where he could be of no use to himself or to any one else. He was taken off to his creditor's house, and there made to work out the debt by manual labour. There is something comprehensible in this. Senates were ever the great jobbers, and the senators were the general creditors; hence a senator's house was known as the private prison. The creditor's abuse of his privilege brought about an abolition of imprisonment for debt—things ran before our era in the same rut in which they have run since—and then, as now, the abolition was merely nominal; it contained provisions and exceptions, which enabled creditors to imprison very nearly as before.

The money-lenders at Rome had no *Times* in which they could advertise 'advances to noblemen and gentlemen on personal security;' but they could stand in the Forum, and offer their coin to the passers-by—a more tempting lure to ruin to the heedless even than an advertisement. What spendthrift could resist the sight of the yellow metal, or hear the chink unmoved? No creaking stairs to mount—no grim clerk to face—the money amiably and invitingly brought under your very nose. They had a thriving business, those Roman money-lenders: the legal interest was one per cent. per month; but all the laws in the world could not restrain it within this limit.

The business of debtor and creditor became, in consequence, a matter of state; the debtors formed one section, the creditors another; and a judge, supposed to be favourable to one party, sometimes paid the penalty of his life. Every now and then the circumstances of the state were overhauled—the world was

frightened by the amount of private debt—new regulations were established—the immediate difficulties postponed—people got tired of the subject—and all went on just as before. But, it should be observed, almost the entire debts of those times were due to the money-lenders; credit scarcely existed amongst the tradesmen. Why should it? A man who could not get credit from a lender, whose profession was credit, had no business to ask credit from a baker, whose profession was baking. The latter was not up either to the present or the future steps of the loan-system; and he very wisely left them to those that were. As for the merchant, his business was merely barter, without any risk except from the north wind; speculation, as we understand it, was unknown, and with it the concomitant debts and liabilities.

The usurer, notwithstanding his greatness in Rome, was singularly obnoxious to the laws. 'The thief is to restore double—the usurer fourfold—of the value taken,' was one of their maxims. Cato put a usurer in the same category with the assassin, and would visit him with the same punishment. This unfortunate member of society fell, besides, under the ban of the poets, comic and didactic, who both found the usurer of wonderful utility in pointing their morals and adorning their tales. This did not prevent him from being a personage of immense influence, and able in other ways to console himself for the sibilations of the populace, than by counting his coin at home. In fact, he had all the great world to keep him in countenance. The proconsul proceeded to his province—levied exorbitant taxes which the inhabitants could not pay—and gave them time, at eighty per cent. The proconsul's son remained at home—outran his allowance—and borrowed of the usurer at fifty per cent. The latter transaction might be the most convenient for the satirist; but for the moralist, it is infinitely the less questionable of the two.

After all, debt was the exception in the ancient world; it became the rule in the modern. Spendthrifts and oppressed provincials borrowed in the one; all the world borrowed in the other. We know not the extent of credit amongst the Goths and Vandals in their primeval forests; but no sooner had they emerged from them, than we find kings and nobles, priests and clergy, merchants and artisans, incessantly working up credit of all kinds. It took a thousand years after the dawn of the old civilisation to produce the usurer, and he was then a rarity. It took a very few centuries after the dawn of the new to produce bankers and pawnbrokers, Jews and Lombards, and these were anything but rarities.

The grandest instance of a growing debt upon record is that of the king of Leon, mentioned by Mariana. Ferdinand Gonzalves had sold this prince a falcon upon credit. The interest was high, and it compounded itself in the course of a few years into a sum so enormous, that the king was forced to make over to Gonzalves his rights on the kingdom of Castile, to be quit of the liability.

But it is no wonder if the debts of the middle ages were on a grand scale. Neither king nor subject knew his income. The subject was to-day master of an estate, was driven out of it the next by an invading monarch; recovered it again by deed of gift; then pawned it to go crusading to the East; regained it by a wealthy marriage; lost it by a divorce; obtained it again upon petition—and lost it finally because he trod on the toe of one of the king's favourites when out of humour. For the monarch—whether the sum wanted was for some private caprice, or the urgent necessities of the nation; to buy a new suit of tapestry, or undertake the most necessary war; to pay for a new house for his mistress, or to build a fortress or a cathedral—he had just the same trouble in convincing his loyal subjects of the utility of his demand. In

consequence, he ran into debt, trusting to the necessity of the case for getting him out—a worthy example, well known to builders of churches and philanthropic societies of modern times. In fact, it has been said that no society can be called really flourishing in Great Britain, till it is a hundred thousand pounds in debt. The complexity of the modern system began early. Complexity is a Gothic principle, to be found in its constitution, its buildings, its trade; and it thus commenced the credit-system, which soon learned to grow by its own force.

During the middle ages, the credit-system was made, in France more especially, a matter of obligation. The feudal lords had the right of demanding it. The abbot of Compeigne enjoyed by royal charter the privilege of receiving flesh, bread, and fish from the inhabitants on credit for three months: if he failed to pay, they were not bound to furnish him any further. The Count of Montfort used to compel the people of Dieppe, by feudal ordinance, to give him fifteen days' credit during the time he resided amongst them. To be sure, the sum on credit was limited to fifteen livres, which would not make a terrible show before an insolvency commissioner. One wonders whether the inhabitants were as anxious for his lordship's custom as a modern tradesman, or whether they served him with sour bread and stale eggs, to induce him to transfer his favours elsewhere. The king himself had the right of credit in many localities, and what was odd enough, many of his nobles had the same right in the same localities for a longer period. He was often forced to give security, as were the nobles. In some places, when the lord visited a town, he had unlimited right of credit till he left it. At Poiz, in Picardy, the lord had the right of credit from each individual once in his life, but not oftener, and then only to the value of twopence-halfpenny. When the dealers concealed their goods, they were liable to a fine. The *coutumes* of the French provinces are full of these regulations. The archbishop of Vienna was expressly precluded from all right to demand credit. It might be curious to trace the origin of this flaw in archiepiscopal trustworthiness.

#### FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Said I, mournful: 'Though my life is in its prime,  
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;

Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are  
turning brown,  
It is the hot midsummer, when the hay is down.'

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,  
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair—

Hair that drooped like birch-boughs—all in her  
simple gown;  
And it was rich midsummer, and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;  
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west;  
Red-eyed, the sun out glared, like knight from  
leaguered town,  
That eve, in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer, all the hay is down;  
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,  
Praying: 'God shield her till we meet in Paradise;  
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy and  
crown;  
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage,  
Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also  
sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and  
all Booksellers.